

THE NORTHWEST

Republican Papers Please Copy.

One of the last acts of the Ohio Legislature before adjournment was the passage of a bill to redivide the State according to the redistricting plan of 1882.

This remarkable exhibition of highness was done contrary to the advice of many leading Republicans, John Sherman himself being of that number. The act itself is one of the most damnable outrages ever perpetrated on a people and is sure to prove a boomerang that will slaughter its supporters.

If every voter in the State of Ohio knew all the facts concerning this "restoration," as the Republican papers are pleased to call it, by which the "infamous Democratic gerrymander" was done away with, the Republican party would not elect a Congressman in the State. Let us look the measure over.

Ohio is classed among the doubtful States—usually slightly Republican but sometimes Democratic, and is always carried by a close vote, one way or the other. The State is recognized as close fighting ground. The pluralities at the October elections for the last ten years have been as follows: 1876, R. 5,784; 1877, D. 2,620; 1878, R. 3,184; 1879, R. 17,120; 1880, R. 19,005; 1881, R. 24,309; 1882, D. 19,115; 1883, D. 12,529; 1884, R. 11,318; 1885, R. 18,183.

The State was redistricted by the Republicans in 1882 according to a plan which was expected to give them 17 Congressmen and the Democrats 4. But the people arose in rebellion against such injustice and when the votes were counted in the Fall the Democrats, notwithstanding the gerrymander, had carried the State by a plurality of 10,115 and elected 15 out of the 21 Congressmen.

The following year Hoady was elected, and early in 1884 the Democrats took measures to correct the unjust scheme of '82 and redistricted the State. The entire power was in their hands, from the Governor down, but mark the contrast, they redistricted the State in proportion to the votes cast, giving the Democrats 11 Congressmen and the Republicans 10. Mark the fact that the Democrats claimed the extra Congressman for the reason that they had a plurality of 12,529 in the State. This scheme of redistricting was the fairest one ever made in the history of Ohio. It was based upon principles of exact justice to both parties. No unfair advantage was taken by the party in power and the act was approved by all honest, fair-minded men.

This was the "infamous Democratic gerrymander of 1884," which our Republican friends rave about and which they destroyed to restore the former scheme of 1882.

When the bill was first passed in 1882 the plan gave the Republicans 17 and the Democrats 4 Congressmen, but matters have slightly changed and the Republicans now claim 15 Congressmen, allow the Democrats 6 and say one district is doubtful. Suppose the latter goes Democratic, the apportionment is still 15 to 6 against the Democrats.

According to the figures of the *State Journal*, the leading Republican authority in Central Ohio, at the last election there were 358,281 Republican votes cast and 342,530 Democratic votes. Leaving other political parties out of consideration (for they elect no Congressmen) 700,811 votes elect 21 Congressmen, an average of 33,371 votes each. Thus, on a basis of strict equality, the Republicans, having a majority of 15,751 votes in the State are entitled to 11 Congressmen and the Democrats to 10 by the number of votes cast. By the Republican plan of 1882, by their 358,281 votes elect 15 Congressmen, or one for every 23,885 votes cast; but the 342,530 Democratic votes will elect 6 Congressmen at most, or one for every 57,088 votes cast.

Now this is a beautiful Republican scheme of disfranchisement by which they make one Republican vote more than counterbalance two Democratic votes. As an example of outright political dishonesty it is the most healthy specimen in existence; but a bluish of shame must mantle the cheeks of every honest Republican whenever he contemplates this gigantic outrage, the attempt of his party to steal its way into power by most damnable means.

There is not an iota of honesty, fairness, justice or right in the measure. The Republican party gerrymandered the State not because it was entitled to more Congressmen but because it must have them—or die.

The act was wrong in 1882; it is just as wrong in 1886. The people four years ago placed the stamp of their condemnation on it and it right prevailed—as it always will.

The people rule. No power on earth can rob them of this right; no political party that fails to recognize this fact can live.

It is an easy matter to cry out "restoration" and to denounce the "infamous Democratic gerrymander of '82," but, gentlemen of the Republican press, if you believe in political honesty and fairness, if you believe in liberty and equality, if you believe in "a fair vote and a fair count," you do not believe in this action of your party. We do not intentionally misrepresent and will gladly make any corrections of errors you may suggest.

Stand up and face these facts and figures. Print them in your columns that your readers may know what your party has done. Refute them, if you can; defend them, if you dare.—*Akron Times*.

Sufferers from Kidney and Liver Troubles.

The direct result of vitiated blood and weak organic movement, will find Simmons' Liver Regulator a true remedy for these complaints. It imparts new life to the blood and renews and strengthens the entire system, by promoting the healthy action of the liver and kidneys.

"I have been troubled with liver complaint, kidney disease and bad blood for a long time. I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator, and it has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took. I would not be without it."

GEO. H. PRATT,
U. S. Deputy Collector, 21 Pratt St. Ga.

"BROTHER," said Rev. Sam Jones in his closing sermon at Cincinnati, "you'd better do like Chicago—brag on yourself and stand by yourself," and then he told this story: "At an experience meeting an old colored brother got up and said: 'Brethren I are the meanest nigger in all this country. I'll staid, and I'll tell lies, and I'll get drunk, and there ain't a man in this world I wouldn't do.' Well, he took his seat, and then a great big yellow brother jumped up and said: 'Brethren, I have heard Br'er Steve's confession, and I've true, 'fore God.'"

The Miser's Three Gifts.

Once upon a time there dwelt upon the surface of the earth—no matter where—an old miser named Donald McDee.

He lived alone in a little cabin, and never spent a penny more than he could help. His room was full of odds and ends that he had picked up in his wanderings, and never could bring himself to part with. Old ropes, rusty nails, crooked hooks, tatters of old shawls, tin pans with holes in them; even a little bowl full of crooked pins for luck.

The children called him a wizard, and threw stones at him as he passed through the village in his queer, high-crowned hat and old coat with long, flapping tails, and he sometimes carried them for bits of the dinner they carried in their school-bags. Indeed, he was in the habit of begging of any one who would listen to him. But when night came and every one had gone to bed, Donald would close his shutters and bar his door, and lifting a stone in the floor, would take from beneath it a pot of gold and silver and count it over and over, over and over, as if he could never have got done.

One night, as he sat thus telling his money and expecting nothing so little as interruption, for a terrible storm was raging, he suddenly heard a rap at his door, and gathering up his treasure, crammed it away out of sight in a hurry, and placing his chair over the stone, pushed the table to it and set on it a dry loaf and a mug of water and an old newspaper, so that if he had to open the door there would seem to be some reason for his being up and dressed.

"Who knows but that it is robbers?" he cried, in a quivering voice. Aloud he cried:

"What may you be wanting without there?"

"Shelter from the rain," said a voice.

It was a woman's and though Donald was a miser, he was an Irishman.

He opened the door, and a figure all in white glided in. Her clothes were dripping, so that the water ran from them down upon the floor as she stood before the scanty peat fire burning on the miser's hearth; but there was something about her that made him tremble and feel very strangely as he said:

"May I make bold to ask what brings you here, my lady?"

"I come to beg for the poor," said the woman. "I came to ask for a guinea or two, Donald McDee."

"A guinea or two?" screamed the miser. "Why, woman, I'm the poorest man alive myself. If you said a guinea, I haven't it to give. And besides, if the poor had been saving and thrifty they'd have laid it by. If I had it I—I—"

"No!—I can't! I won't!"

"A shilling, then, Donald McDee," said the white woman. "A shilling for the poor."

"Would I live like this if I had shillings to give away?" cried Donald.

"Sixpence," persisted the woman, "for the poor."

"No, no, I tell you!" yelled the miser. "Sure you've gone mad, woman! Do I want to die in the poorhouse?"

"A penny," said the woman; "only a penny. It's for your soul."

This time the miser only shook his head and turned his pockets inside out.

"Me with pennies to give," he groaned; "a poor crayther like me!"

"Then," said the woman, stooping and lifting a piece of wood from the floor where it lay, "give me this."

"That's false!" faltered the miser. "It's a useful bit of good board!"

"Will you give it to me for humanity's sake?" cried the woman. "It may save some poor creature from freezing to-night."

The old man looked hard at her, and fought hard with his longing to snatch it from her. At last, as though battling with some unseen foe, he gasped:

"Take it, and go—take it and go quickly!"

It was the first thing he had ever given away in his life.

The woman took her prize and went out at the door. The miser drew it to and bolted it, and hurried to his bed, terrified and trembling. But strangely enough, after that, whenever he counted his treasure over, he used to credit himself for having been generous.

"It's a board with worth good deal," he used to say, "quite a good deal." It's a fine thing to be charitable, that it is, I don't begrudge it as some would.

And so he magnified his generosity, until one night the low, soft voice came again; and as once more he hid his treasure, the voice called out:

"It is I, Donald McDee; let me in."

He opened the door, though it was against his will. The starlight shone behind the figure and the sky was clear.

"It's yourself again," said Donald, in a low voice. "What do you want now for the poor from the poorest of them all?"

"What will you give?" asked the woman.

Donald looked at him. A little coil of rope hung on a nail; he had begged it from some sailors. He snatched it down and crammed it into her hands.

"There! It's worth a good deal," he said. "It's a good bit of rope; take it and go."

Without a word, the woman took it from him and vanished.

Something seemed to skimmer between Donald's eyes and the stars, but what it was he knew not. He hurried in and hurried to bed, and dreamed all night that he had given away all his treasured gold. It was a horrible dream; but still from that time on he spoke of the board and the rope to himself when he counted up his good deeds.

"I'm not a miser, as they say," he would mutter over his money. "I'm always giving ropes and boards to the poor."

At last Donald McDee fell very ill. He stayed in bed, unable to get out of it. Under him in the mattress, all his money was hidden.

Good neighbors brought him food and drink and peats for his fire; and he would have a doctor for fear of the expense. But one day, as he was wakened from a doze, there, sitting by his side, was the white woman with her old cry:

"Give me something for the poor."

"I'm sick now, and poorer than ever," said Donald; but mind this, he never went from my door empty handed. There's a brass key; it's a good front door key. The marine-store dealer will give you fourpence for it. Take it and go."

"I go," said the white woman.

"You will see board and key and rope again, and rejoice that you gave them."

She seemed to fade as mist or smoke vanishes from sight.

"I shall die in the poor-house!" moaned the old man. "Very well, I'll try to save it in light. I'm a very poor man."

He turned with a groan, blew out the

The Miser's Three Gifts.

Donald McDee's spirit found itself standing on the margin of a black river awful to look upon. Beyond lay something too glorious to look upon, that seemed made of gold and precious stones.

An angel stood behind him. "Do you know what light that is yonder?" he said.

"I do not," replied Donald, trembling.

"It is the gate of heaven," said the angel.

"May I enter?" asked Donald.

"If thou canst ford the river, climb the steep hill, and unlock the golden gate," said the angel.

"How can I do that?" asked Donald.

"Remember all your good actions," said the angel.

"Let me see," said Donald. "I drove off the widow Dan's cow for rent, and made a pretty penny of it, and I took her pig myself."

The angel frowned.

"I picked up the money the ould blind squire dropped, and him none the wiser," said Donald.

The angel sighed.

"It seems all wrong, wrong now," said Donald. "I thought it right. I've never given a thing away but a rope, a board and a bit of key. I wish I'd given money now. Sure, there she is again!"

For the white woman stood near him and held out a bit of board.

"It returns to you again," she said; "a bridge to cross the river," and, indeed, as he laid it on the bank, it upheld him, and seemed to lengthen so that on it he crossed the shining river.

There stood the mountain, high and steep, but he saw a rope dangling over the side, and a voice from the above cried:

"It is the rope you gave. Hold it fast and climb, climb, climb."

Donald stood before the gate of heaven at last, and looking through its bars of gold, saw the beautiful land within, but the gates remained fast locked.

"I cannot win heaven," he moaned; "I have been too wicked."

But then a hand was on his arm, and the white-robed woman was beside him again. She held a key in her hand.

"Your voluntary gift, Donald," she said. "Take it, and unlock the gate."

But Donald stood clasping his hand upon his brow.

"I am trying to remember what my mother taught me," he said. "What was it? It is more blessed to give than to receive; that was it."

As he spoke, a mantle of sin seemed to fall from him, the golden gates turned upon their hinges, and he entered heaven.

THE NUMERALS.

Origin of the Most Ancient Roman Figure-Marks.

When the noble Roman of remote antiquity wanted to mark the number one he drew a single straight line or digit to represent the uplifted forefinger. In our modern type we reprint it I. For two he drew two digits, or II; for three he wrote III, and for four he represented it, IV, which is a comparatively late innovation, but by the good old clock dial symbol, IIII. These, in fact, are nothing more than just the figures of one hand. But how about five? Why should it be represented by the evidently meaningless symbol V? Simply because V is not V, but a rude hieroglyphic of one hand, the broad stroke standing for the four fingers united while the narrow one stands for the extended thumb. V, in fact, is nothing more than a very degenerate pictorial symbol, like the ones still used by printers in certain circumstances to call special attention to a particular paragraph. As for X, that is usually represented as two such hands set side by side; but this interpretation I believe to be erroneous. I think it more likely (on the Indian analogy) to stand for "one man up"—that is to say, ten, with a people who counted by fingers alone, or, in other words employed a decimal notation. If this hypothesis be true, X represents a double of the Indian man figure, with outstretched arms and legs like colossus, the hand having disappeared entirely by disuse, as often happens in the evolution of what are called cursive hieroglyphics.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Taste of Baking Powder.

Nearly all baking powders have their peculiar odor and taste, some very prominent, especially if the powder is of prescribed quantity is used. The alum powders leave a slight bitter taste in the bread, quite pronounced if an excess of the powder is used. The cream tar powders leave a peculiar taste difficult to describe, but what may be termed a "baking powder" taste. For this reason some prejudice exists the use of ordinary baking powder. The baking powder of Prof. Hoffman actually leaves no foreign taste in the bread or biscuit, even though a large quantity be used. The taste is natural and delicious, and this combined with the healthful and nutritious qualities of the powder renders it the ideal baking powder.

A Family Well Supplied With Twins.

At Neoga, Ill., a remarkable family has just arrived from Canada. The family includes a husband and wife and nine children. The youngest part of the family is that among the children, there are four sets of twins. The father, Salathiel Burke, is aged thirty-seven. He has been married thirteen years to his rosy-cheeked wife, who is a pleasant looking, robust woman of thirty-six. The eldest twins are boys eleven years of age, Charles and Richard. Next come two girls of nine years each, Clarinda and Sophronia. Following them in quick succession are two boys, aged seven, Ramsey and Edward. The fourth set of twins are bright-eyed girls, aged four, Elmie and Abbie. The ninth and last is a lonely girl baby at the mother's breast, not quite a year old, named Pearl. All are sturdy children, especially the four boys. They have moved to Neoga to make their home with the wife's father, who owns a large farm in the vicinity.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and, continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at J. C. Saur's Drug Store. Large bottles \$1.00.

Home Rule for Ireland.

The Irish Nationalists are naturally not discouraged by the defeat of the Home Rule bill on Monday night. The smallness of the majority shows that the ultimate success of Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites is inevitable. There can be no doubt that the next House of Commons will be strongly Irish. There is no other conclusion possible, especially when the character of the last election is taken into account.

From Mr. Parnell's speech we now know the depths of Tory duplicity. There has seldom been such a shameful revelation made as that which was forced from the Irish leader on Monday. Now we know precisely why Mr. Parnell made an alliance with the Tories, and helped elect Tory candidates. Not only had there been a general promise from the Tories of support for a home rule bill, but a measure had been outlined and substantial relief had been promised by a member of the Tory Cabinet. Mr. Parnell declined to give the name of the person making this promise, but there will hardly be a doubt that Mr. Parnell trusted the Tories, and he was deceived, as Michael Davitt predicted he would be. When the deception had done its perfect work, and a number of seats were assured to the Tories by the aid of the Parnellites, the Tories impudently told the Irishmen that they would not vote for home rule. It is probable, however, that the bargain would have been carried out if the Tories had a majority of the House of Commons. The Tories were treacherous because they were unable to take the honors of granting home rule.

This disingenuousness was phenomenally stupid, even for the Tories. We fancy that Englishmen do not look for political honesty from Churchill any more than Americans expect the same from Blaine. But Mr. Blaine, shallow as his acts sometimes are, would have never played so stupid a trick as this of Churchill. He gave his word to help pass a home rule bill, and he gave it to a man who, of all the world, was most interested in holding him and his party to a strict accountability. Then he broke his word, and as in Mr. Parnell's power. It is evident that what has been revealed by Mr. O'Connor concerning the Tory member for Boulton, that all the parties understood the contract with the Irish Nationalists. It is evidence of Mr. Parnell's temperateness and high purposes that he did not reveal the duplicity and dishonesty of the Tories until an explanation of their attitude during the canvass was forced from him in the last hours of the debate.

It was a stupid blunder to deceive Mr. Parnell, because the Tories must have known that he had the power to take away from them several seats at the next election. They had lost all they could at the hands of the voters by advocating home rule at first, and they simply added to the number of the enemies by breaking their word. It was a stupid blunder to oppose home rule at all. It is always stupid to oppose the inevitable, and there is no Englishman, be he Tory or Whig or Radical, but ought to know that the man elected by home rule votes will be defeated because they voted against Mr. Gladstone's bill; and that so close a vote in the House of Commons is really a postponement, and not a defeat. This blunder must greatly strengthen the Irish and Liberal cause, and Chamberlain, Harrington and Goschen, as well as the Tories, will realize their blunder when the next House of Commons meets. Home rule has almost won. It is only the stupidity and blindness of Conservative England which stands in the way. The duty of the friends of Ireland on this side of the water is clear. As soon as the writs for a new election are out they must see that the Irish candidates have all the money they need.—*N. Y. Star*.

Buckeye Postoffices.

"Is there any mail here for me?" is a question asked at 2,731 postoffices in the State of Ohio, which is the total number, according to the United States official postal guide for 1886. Some of these postoffices are very small indeed, and of them being without any village to surround them, being in fact merely a convenient place in the rural districts for farmers to get their mail.

But two cities in the State have substations. Cleveland has three, viz: East Cleveland, Newburgh and West Side. Cincinnati has seven: Camp Washington, Columbia, Coryville, Cumminsville, Mill Creek, Sedamsville and the Hill. Forty-eight cities in the State have immediate delivery of special delivery systems, while but twelve have the carrier delivery system, viz: Akron, Canton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Mansfield, Sandusky, Springfield, Toledo and Youngstown.

There are but six counties which have over fifty postoffices. Hamilton leads the list with 74, Washington follows with 68, Belmont, which is only one behind, has 65, Clermont 62, Ashtabula 56 and Columbiana 52, while Defiance, which has least, falls to only 13. Franklin county has thirty offices, as follows: Alton, Black Lick, Blendon, Brice, Camp Chase, Canal Winchester, Central College, Clintonville, Columbus, Dublin, Edward, Elmwood, Elm, Galena, Gallowsburg, Groggsville, Groveport, Grange City, Harburg, Hilliards, Lockwood, Milfordville, Olentangy, Ovid, Pleasant Corners, Reese's, Reynoldsburg, Shadyside, Westerville and West Hayden. The postal laws require that no two postoffices in any State shall have the same name. It would seem almost impossible to christen 2,731 postoffices with entirely different names. This is obviated by adding some prefix or a name which is also given to some other postoffice. The word "North" is used as a prefix forty times; "South" twenty-five times; "East" twenty times; "West" fifty times; and "New" seventy times. Some postoffices bear very queer names. At the only one in the State spelled with two letters is in Fulton county. Gratie is in Prebel county, and yet stamps and postal cards cost as much per thousand at Gratie as at any postoffice in Ohio. Jumbo, probably named after P. T. Barnum's elephantine monstrosity, is in Hardin county. Veto, in Washington county, is not Cleveland's veto, nor will the people of Jefferson get Fair Play any more than at any other postoffice.

Temperanceville, in Belmont county, and Cold Water, in Mercer, are undoubtedly temperance towns. Polo, a name familiar to roller skaters, is in Miami county. Opera is in Muskingum; Five Mile, Brown; Seven Mile, Butler; Six Points, Wood; Sixteen Mile Stand, Hamilton; Twenty Mile Stand, Warren;

White Eyes Plains, Coshocton, Crooked Tree, Noble.

Five postoffices in the State can spell their names backward and forward in the same way: Ada, Ava, Anna, Level and Ore.

Xenia is the only post office in Ohio beginning with the letter X, and Quincy City, Quarry and Quincy, the only ones having Q for the initial letter.—*Exchange*.

THE DEAD STILL K'OK.

The Peculiar Sensation of a Lost Limb.

Buried Fingers That Hurt the Former Possessor—Transplanting Human Fingers—Spirital Theory.

"In a recent issue of a local paper," said a well known citizen, "I see that our surgeons have done a novel thing by transplanting skin of one person to the body of another. The operation is neither new nor remarkable. For years I had charge of the killed and wounded of the L. S. & M. E. railroad. I had in my charge, altogether, 3,005 people. My arms are covered with scars showing where a cut was out from me to patch up some sufferer. There are men in this city today, who not only owe their lives to my submission to the surgeons' knives, but who are wearing my hide, as it were."

"During my connection with the railroad company, I had many remarkable experiences with wounded people, and there is one thing I should like to have reasonably explained. It is the nature of the sympathy between an amputated limb and the stump. I remember that once Fred Hall was run over and the lower part of his leg had to be cut off. Immediately after the operation I took the leg, wrapped it in a flannel cloth, and laid it on the ice in the hospital. When Hall recovered from the influence of the chloroform, he saw me standing by his bed and said that his foot was very cold. 'What foot?' I inquired. 'The one you cut off; it is freezing,' he answered. I straightway took the amputated leg, wrapped it in an other cloth, laid it under a stove and returned to Hall's room. 'That feels good; it is getting warm,' said he.

"On another occasion a man lost his hand. I took the hand and, closing the fingers, laid it away. Half an hour later the patient said his hand was so tightly closed that the fingernails were cutting him. To humor him, I told him I would unloose the fingers. I asked Dr. Jewett, then a student, to take his watch and notice the exact moment when the patient expressed relief. Then I unloosed the fingers of the hand, which was in a distant part of the building. When I returned to the bedside and inquired of Jewett, I found that the patient had expressed relief at the very instant I had relaxed the fingers of the dead hand."

"Well," said a medical student, "such instances are common. Dr. Thayer explains this strange sympathy between the living and dead parts of the same person. He says it is the peculiar condition of the nervous system which produces this feeling and that when the stump has healed nicely all sensibility of that nature dies out."

In his rambling the other day a Press man came across old Dr. G. Newcomer, one of the most enthusiastic spiritualists of Cleveland, and related the conversation given above. "During my professional career," said the doctor, "I have come across many such instances. About two weeks ago, a man named Brown had a lower limb amputated. I took the leg and buried it. A few days later Brown complained to me that he was in torture from pain in the buried leg. I exhumed the leg. I found it in a most uncomfortable position, the foot having been twisted around sideways by some force. I straightened the limb, and Brown reported that he was comparatively comfortable. I remember an almost exactly similar case of another man's leg. I remember a case where a man's hand was cut off and he continually complained of pain in it. The amputation was performed in a homeopathic hospital, and the doctors, not having any faith in magnetic attraction, refused to listen to the man's complaints that his hand hurt him. As a last resort he sent for a spiritualist, and I called. He told me that his hand felt cramped. I dug up the hand, found it badly cramped, and relaxed the fingers. The patient expressed immediate relief. I account for this feeling by the attraction between the severed limb and stump. The disease is not in the body but in the spiritual forces and the magnetic attraction existing between the two parts is what causes the sensation. The spiritual force that has dwelt in the hand remains there, even after that member has been amputated, and the sympathies are communicated. It is the deranged or disarranged spirit forces which produce disease in every form. Where spirit force is consigned there it remains. There is an affinity always existing. Doctors take the physical diagnosis of the body not the spiritual, which is the more important, and there's where the mistakes are made."—*Cleveland Press*.

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should understand that this is done at the expense of the constitution. Each time this weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty-cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will safely and promptly cure any recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble cases or family use. Sold by J. C. Saur.

Paper is about to monopolize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's heads. By a new process of manipulation, hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as these new hats can be placed in the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. They are certain to revolutionize the hat trade, as they can be made in any shape or style desired and colored to meet the taste of the public. They can be made to represent a glossy or nappy appearance.

According to the American Railroaders it costs a little more than twenty cents a mile to run a locomotive on the average. Nearly eight cents of this is for fuel, seven and a quarter for pay of the engineer and fireman, half a cent for oil and waste, and more than four and a half cents for repairs. A ton of coal will run a locomotive twenty-four miles a pint of oil will run eleven miles, and a pound of waste 123 miles.

B. E. Time Tables.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC RY.

Time Card taking effect Sunday, May 2.

GOING EAST.

No. 15—Toledo Accommodation..... 7:00 a.m.

No. 45—Mail and Express..... 8:00 a.m.

No. 41—Atlantic Express..... 10:00 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 43—Pacific Express..... 4:30 p.m.